

# Holly THE Leaf

VOL. 19—NO. 6 STC, SALISBURY, MD. JAN. 19, 1960

## Panel Advises Student NEA on Student Teaching

Audrey Stewart, vice-principal of Wicomico Junior High School, and James Focht, of the Campus Elementary School staff discussed the topic, "What the Principal Expects of the Student Teacher," with the STC chapter of the Student National Education Association on December 16, 1959. Student NEA President Robert Bowen conducted the meeting and acted as moderator.

Both Miss Stewart and Mr. Focht said that they had consulted with the two school principals, Miss Wootten and Miss Riall, and that their views on the subject corresponded with those of their respective principals.

Miss Stewart believes that the essential quality for a teacher to have is respect for his profession. If the teacher respects his work, respect for work from the students will follow. The teacher should maintain his beginner's exuberance so as to satisfy himself and his supervisors.

The next point Miss Stewart emphasized was that of a curious mind. The effective teacher will attempt to cultivate the curiosity of the students, and to grasp for a wide knowledge for himself. Although the teacher cannot have extensive knowledge in all fields, he should be aware of the modern world.

A high standard of professional ethics is necessary. The teacher is expected to respect confidences, to cooperate, and to familiarize himself with the school philosophy. The new teacher may seek, accept, and use advice from more experienced teachers when he needs it; but problems should be taken to the principal, not to outsiders.

Miss Stewart also stressed the importance of learning to keep (Continued from Page Four)

## Campus School Replacement

Mr. Norris Meredith, fifth grade teacher at the Campus School, recently resigned in order to pursue his studies in music at Columbia. Mrs. Lee Lawry, a former fourth grade teacher, has returned to replace Mr. Meredith. Mrs. Lawry has been on leave from the Campus Elementary School to make a voyage around the world by boat.

On January 23, the Social Committee is sponsoring a Snack Bar Dance with the theme "Card Party." Be sure to look for notices for more details!

## Bertha Adkins Honors STC Library With Rare Books

Recently our library acquired, through a most generous gift from Miss Bertha Adkins, an all inclusive collection of writings of and on Abraham Lincoln. The books, entitled *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, are compiled in eight volumes—the work of many and various organizations — and cover the period in our United States history from 1824 to 1865. The books, which have found a permanent place in the Reference Room, are a fine asset to our library, and the college is honored and fortunate in making this addition to our book shelves, in view of the fact that there were only a limited number of volumes printed and only a few colleges were able to obtain them.

The students and faculty of Salisbury State Teachers College are deeply indebted to Miss Adkins for expanding our library resources with this distinguished Lincoln collection.

Miss Adkins, a native of Salisbury and the daughter of Mr. Fred (Continued on Page Four)

## Two 'Conversations' Slated for February

The students of STC are invited to participate in the two Conversations scheduled by the Cultural Affairs Committee for the month of February. Both will be held in the Student Center and both are of an informal nature.

The first, occurring on February 11 will be led by Miss Mary Gray, a Britisher. Miss Gray is a participant in the Fulbright plan for exchange teachers and, at present, is a music teacher at Wicomico Senior High School. Attending students will have the opportunity to interview her on merits of the British educative system as compared to those of our own, and on the difference between the educations of potential teachers of the two countries.

The second Conversation will deal with a discussion of the book *The Status Seekers* by the American author, Vance Packard. Leading the conversation will be a panel composed of students Jack Messick, Chairman, Jay McCrae, Jerry Pine, and Pete Cathell.

Special recognition is given Maryanna Lake, Peg Flannery, Tom Wimbrow, Elbert Detwiler, and Jack Messick for the careful planning of the Conversation Series.

## Constitution Changes Await Ratification

### February Graduates to Begin Teaching Career

The following seniors are completing their college requirements this semester and will enter various areas of teaching.

Mrs. Patricia White Mahan is the wife of Mr. Daniel Mahan. They make their home in Mt. Vernon and have three children: Beckie, Alan, and Linnie. Pat will be teaching in Wicomico County.

Mr. Joseph Kenneth Bridges, before completing his college work, served four years in the U. S. Coast Guard. He will be teaching sixth grade in the Westchester Elementary School, Baltimore County. Mrs. Bridges is teaching at East Salisbury Elementary School but is retiring the end of this semester. Mr. and Mrs. Bridges will be moving into their "own" new house, which is now under construction.

Mrs. Sue Magee Purcell is the wife of an S.T.C. sophomore, Charles Purcell. They are the proud parents of a five-month old baby, Mary Elizabeth. Mrs. Purcell will replace Mrs. Bridges in the East Salisbury Elementary School.

Miss Marilyn Miller completed her college work in November and is now teaching in an elementary school in Easton. She teaches social studies in the morning and physical education in the afternoon. She is doing very well in her new position.

Mrs. Mary Dyer has two children, who attend the Prince Street School. She taught sixth grade during the first half of her student teaching and is now completing the second nine weeks by teaching the first grade.

Mrs. Mary Emily Twilley lives near Mardela with her family. She has two children in elementary school. Mrs. Twilley will be teaching sixth grade at Delmar, Md.

Mrs. Marilyn Bandel will be teaching on the Western Shore. She was married to Howard Bandel in June.

Mr. Robert Schilling lives with his wife and two children in Berlin. At one time Mr. Schilling had a band and played at summer resorts. He will begin teaching Math at Stephen Decatur, where he did his student teaching.

## Salisbury Audience Enjoys Quartets

On Saturday, January 9, the Men's Bible Class of Asbury Methodist Church, brought three superior quartets, members of the SPEBSQSA, Inc., to State Teachers College. The first quartet to appear, the Gay Blades of Chestertown, Maryland, was also the most outstanding in their renditions of such favorites as "Hello My Honey." Their polished cording and precise harmony set a precedent that neither the Del-Cords nor the Penn Squares could equal.

The Penn Squares, from Read- (Continued from Page Four)

SGA-proposed amendments to the Constitution are awaiting ratification or rejection by a two-thirds majority of the student body. The January meeting was concerned solely with the discussion of such proposed changes as to leave the choice of whether or not there will be a Parliamentary to the discretion of each succeeding SGA President. It was the consensus of opinion of the Board that since the SGA is such a small, informal group the presence of a Parliamentary is superficial and may even tend to drag-out the meetings by efforts to enforce strict parliamentary procedure. Jack Messick, President, announced that in keeping with the working Constitution, he has named Lloyd Cooper to fill the position until the students vote to accept or reject the suggested changes. If they vote to accept it, he will do away with that position for the remainder of his term of office.

Another suggested change is to make the Social Committee Chairman a voting member of the Executive Committee. Since last year the Chairman has been asked to sit in on the meetings but has been allowed no voice in the proceedings other than to make recommendations.

The Board also voted that all candidates for an office in the SGA should have an accumulative average of at least 2.0 to be eligible. This would serve to prevent in part the election of members who may not return in the fall or should leave prematurely due to insufficient grades.

The other changes proposed by the Board concerned more minute changes. A list of all changes have been presented to the students for their approval. The vote will not be taken until a week later so that all the students will have had time to give the recommended amendments serious consideration.

## Student NEA Hosts High School Seniors

Student NEA was host to a group of fourteen high school seniors from Cambridge, Maryland on Friday, January 8. The group was accompanied by their guidance counselor, Mr. Eckert. The guests toured the campus, visited college classes, and met with college students at tea.

The Cambridge students were unable to visit the campus during the fall High School Senior's Day.

Student NEA President Robert Bowen and Sponsor Dr. Leila Stevens wish to thank all those faculty members and students who gave of their time and talent in the entertainment of high school seniors both in October and in the latest function.

On January 21, 1960, the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra will present its final concert of the '59 - '60 series at 8:15 P.M. Student tickets are available in the General Office.



## The Holly Leaf Staff

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## A GREAT CIVILIZATION

Ours, it has been said, is a great civilization. The American College Dictionary says that the preferred definition of civilization is "an advanced state of human society, in which a high level of art, science, religion, and government has been reached."

With this in mind, then, it should prove interesting to take a look at our "advanced state of human society." We have reached a high level of art — so high, in fact, few of us can understand it at all. At least it does not succumb to what we snub "the medicore" and Will Rogers called "the big honest majority." Our science is in a head-on, winner-take-all race with Communism. Our religion is so advanced that we don't care which denomination a man belongs to but he's sure taking an awful chance if other people know which it is and he has an aspiration for presidency. Our government has reached such a high, secure stage that it hands out billions of dollars a year to others, no doubt less "civilized" nations, and passes laws whereby its citizens cannot engage in any so-called "Un-American" activities.

America is a great civilization if you call living in a state of fear living in a great state of civilization. We are afraid of the armaments race because there might be a war; we are afraid if there is, we might lose; we are afraid if there is not, our factories will close down and we will be out of work. And so it goes. Many of us have a religion based on fear; much of our desire for an education is based on fear; most of our scientific endeavors and achievements are based on fear. We are, we feel, at the top and are afraid lest we falter and fall in ruin and disgrace. Our nation may be great but it would seem that it has yet a long way to go before we can truthfully boast of having reached a really advanced human society — a society not ruled by fear, whether that be an individual or a collective fear.

## MORAL REARMAMENT

There is a movement afoot that, though it started in the early thirties, is only recently gaining any real momentum. This movement is one that every thinking and conscientious citizen should be concerned with. Known commonly as Moral Rearmament, it is concerned with a concentrated look at the major problems of the world, which are undeniably the result of man's incompatibility with man, from a moral, a professedly religious standpoint. The dedicated disciples of Moral Rearmament adhere to the philosophy that peace will gain a degree of reality only when the minds of men meet with a reverence for truth and an unselfish purity of heart.

Moral Rearmament could almost be referred to as an angry reaction of youth — young men and women who are willing to put their talents and energies to work on a project from which there is no material reward. They subsist only from sporadic gifts from people interested in their work and in sympathy with their goals. With headquarters in Michigan, these people travel all over the world lecturing and discussing problems with political and religious leaders and anyone else who may see and profit by their help.

## College Man Commentary

BY PETE CATHELL

The practice, intensified through the years, of putting up for a national election a candidate whose appeal is based on being liked by or popular with a large segment of the population has reached proportions now of the candidates' taking little or no stand on issues which would result in an improvement in international relations but simultaneously alienation of the taxpayers.

Since the power of government theoretically lies with the mass of American voters, it would indeed seem a natural assumption that the blame should lie on them also. However, causes for such a state as the above go a little deeper. For instance, many comments are heard that high taxes are the fault of huge amounts of money transferred overseas which began with Lend-Lease on down through Eisenhower's recent proposals of increased foreign aid. Commentators are right in assuming foreign spending does increase taxes but the vital question is what forces have led them to disregard the necessity for such practices of foreign spending or of anything dealing with events taking place outside the United States.

Everyone agrees that mass education plays a prominent role in the shaping of attitudes and beliefs. However, if unenlightened or thoughtless attitudes towards forces which give shape to today's world are formed, then it is justifiable to assert that the American educational system may be lacking in some vital aspects. Just as an uninformed population forced the U. S. abstention from the League of Nations, (a major factor contributing to its ineptness) and the misguided isolationists did their part in seeing the United States was ill-prepared for a war which the better informed minds knew was imminent, people today scream for less foreign aid so they might enjoy a few more luxuries.

Many proposals have come forth pertaining to the question of curriculum changes, the most emphatic (if not the most convincing) being, Admiral Rickover. While even some of his supporters feel at times he goes off the deep end, the germ of what he says cannot be refuted. The stress today on painless education centered around the pupil's own limited environment and selfish desires can only lead to an understanding of his community and its environs, or at best the internal functioning of his country. There is a decided need for widening their perspective to include causes of discord and distrust among nations which do not have a western-European background. It does a child little good to understand how the sewage system of a city operates when he is ignorant of events taking shape which cause the destruction of his community, sewage system and all. The child grows up in his community — what he needs to learn about adjustment to it can be learned outside the classroom. Realization of this by those responsible for developing curricula could give more time to devote to the teaching of world relationships and various concepts such as nationalism and factors of history and geography which have contributed to the world of today.

Large groups of people who understand the causes and effects of events of today taking place outside the confines of this country will be able to weigh arguments and distinguish between the candidate who is pleasing to look upon and listen to and one who is best qualified for the job. Courses in doll playing, dancing and etiquette will not do this.

These people are waging a war of ideas; they are speaking and imbedded hatreds that are transforming the average man into a defeatist and the leaders of the world into frightened, defensive seekers after power.

Moral Rearmament is a movement of intellectuals who sincerely believe in the simplicity of the Christian doctrine which is formulated around the necessity of building a civilization based on the approach of man to man in a search after truth. It is now a rather small movement but it is a start. It is what everyone claims we need; only now someone is trying to do something about it besides speak in monotonous platitudes. If it is possible, this editorial urges that the Cultural Affairs Committee, under the direction of Mrs. Francis Fleming, bring a member of Moral Rearmament to our college to describe this movement to anyone interested in the realization of an eventual world founded on dignity and truth.





WOMEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM

## Towson's Reply to STC Editorial

In response to one of S.T.C.'s sports editorials, Towson drew up their impressive side of the story in a recent issue of the Towson newspaper that Salisbury received through the Holly Leaf's exchange list. The following is a verbatim account:

### Here's to Salisbury

Not too long ago an editorial appeared on the sports page of the Salisbury State Teachers College Holly Leaf rapping Towson State for not scheduling their beloved Gulls this year in soccer.

The story said that behind this "passing over" of them lay the matter of a Knight loss to their team last year. (Salisbury won the Homecoming game, 3-2). It blasted Towson as not having "good sportsmanship," and being afraid to play the Gulls. Continuing, it inferred that Towson, being a member of "an conference," was very humiliated by the loss to a team from outside of the Mason-Dixon. A very chilly reception, so the article said, by Towson, after the game was very surprising to the folks from the Shore.

A quick check with the Towson State athletic officers uncovered the following: In the first place, Towson State has no obligation, moral or otherwise, to continue a series with any school outside of the Mason-Dixon Conference.

The first obligation, in soccer, of Towson, is to the conference of which it is a member. A minimum of six games must be played in the conference to be eligible for the title. It has been the practice of the school for the past several years to play at least eight or nine games with Mason-Dixon teams.

In view of the heavy schedule this year, eight of ten M-D games during October, Homecoming with a M-D opponent on November 7, and a very short (two and a half weeks) practice time before the season, Towson State could find no room for any other opponent on its schedule. It also has been a practice to end soccer scheduling around the first week of November, so as not to interfere with winter teams just getting underway.

A game with Salisbury next year was promised by Towson

State. Before any thoughts occur, it is understood that this game was promised long before the Holly Leaf editorial.

In regard to the "humiliating" defeat — no team in any sport is humiliated by a 3-2 loss. Disappointed might be a better word. And why not so? The Homecoming game at Towson is the biggest soccer game of the season and a loss puts a damper on the entire occasion.

A "chilly reception" — we fail to see what is meant here. Salisbury was given the best facilities a visiting team can get at Towson. (Continued on Page Four)

## SPORTLIGHTS

The weekend before the Christmas holidays was a busy one for the students of S.T.C. On Friday night, a co-ed volleyball tournament, sponsored by the W. A. A., was held in the gym; the only team not to be defeated was the one consisting of Bonnie Dean, Joyce Bennett, Jay McCrea, Carter Hughlett, Howard Bozman, and Murray Smith. This evening, filled with excitement and hilarity over the "ups and downs" of one of the players, came to a close with an informal snack-bar dance.

The following day, the S.T.C. Gulls played Southern University on the home court. That evening was climaxed with the annual Christmas Dance.

Has the STC student's weekend improved, or was it just a coincidence that all these events occurred at this time? Is it too much to ask to keep on having "variety" like the volleyball tournament created? Or, will the students be content to let the school die down to its regular "old grind" again on weekends?

—Loretta Fitzsimmons

## Intramural Basketball

BY NOEL FARMER

Anyone who attended the opening game of the "Nuttly Intramural Basketball League" certainly had himself a field day. The six teams comprising this league are so well balanced that even Bill Stern couldn't be optimistic and pick a top team or a cellar dweller. Credit for this praisable organized athletic function goes to Coach Ben Maggs, Lloyd Cooper, President of M. A. A., and Chester Davis, President of the Nutty League. Spectators, who are tired of watching our Varsity's feeble attempts and their weekly slaughters, should come out and have themselves a treat while observing constant "Frank Merriweather" basketball. From the opening whistle, you will have a ball looking at the efforts of your classmates who try so hard that comic situations are inevitable. This league is not all humorously inclined for serious basketball dominated for the first two contests throughout the evening. Both final scores were separated by 1 and 3 point-margins. Another conclusive item which clinches the fact that this league is strong in every department is that both victors had to overcome deficits at least four times during both tiffs in order to emerge on top.

ALL FACULTY MEMBERS, STUDENTS, OR OUTSIDERS WHO ARE INTERESTED ENOUGH IN THIS LEAGUE CAN FIND THE SCHEDULE OF THAT NIGHT ON THE BULLETIN BOARD IN THE SNACK BAR BY 12:00 NOON.

This extra-curricular activity WHICH REQUIRES MANDATORY ATTENDANCE FOR ALL ATHLETIC AND SOCIAL Minded S.T.C. FOLLOWERS presents a perfect occasion for the female to watch her boy friend or secret beau, the professor to see his students finally do something constructive, or an excuse for a buddy to "reme" or laud his roommate.

Teamwork keynoted the win produced by the Almonds under Lloyd Cooper over the Peanuts under Murray Smith in a score of 29-26. Sharing the evenly distributed scoring honors for the Almonds were Doug Finley, 8 points, Tom Reese, 8 points, and Bob Sinagra, 5 points. Although neither team whitewashed the boards in any of the four quarters, John Barnes, Tom Reese, Gordon Gladden, Jerry Wilson, and Neil Led-Compte knocked heads continually around the rim. In the final few seconds the control ball playing of the Almonds surpassed the jet-propelled and highly mobilized fast-break of the Peanuts, revolving around Murray Smith, 6 points, Jerry Wilson, 8 points, and Gordon Gladden, 6 points. The most curious miracle of the evening was the realization that Chet (Big Daddy) Davis, the shotgun kid of Red Shield, was held to a mere 2 counters! In wrapping this summary up, this spectator would

like to give warning to future adversaries of Pete Marth, a defensive ace whose ball hawking is going to change the complexion of many games.

Martin Davis, the "Boom, Boom Jefferion of S.T.C.," scorched the cords for 17 tallies to lead the Pecans and nail down the verdict of 40-39 over the Donuts. Bill Cotten, player-coach, and Ed Bailey also contributed 11 and 5 buckets respectively to help pace the winning attack. Even though the Donuts, under Lump Parks, sustained the defeat, the one two blitzing wallop from the dual threat of Howard Bozman, 16 points, and Carter Hughlett, 11 points, wasn't too effectively harnessed. Throughout this see-saw battle the audience was kept laughing at the efforts of Luke "Meadowlark" Fennell to be nonchalant and graceful while Carter (The Tank) Hughlett tried to subdue and gentile his football tactics. Any opponents scouting these teams quickly became aware of two precautionary factors that will have to be employed in future engagements. Only a man to man defense can put a lid on the barrage of firepower from the ammunition bins of Martin Davis and Howard Bozman for their deadly, soft, one-handed poppers will perforate any sagging zone resistance with monotonous ease. Bill Cotten, 6-4 center, will tear up both boards with rugged rebounding and continue to be ever improviso with his varied assortment of jumpers, hooks, and tap-ins unless this tall timber is axed by double-teaming.

Besides covering the league champions and the playoff victors in individual stories, this column in the Holly Leaf will give a special article to the leading scorers in this league. Many other gunners are expected to crop up in later contests to challenge the meshings of the versatile Bozman and Davis.

## Gullettes Soar to Victory Over PCB

The STC Gullettes journeyed to Philadelphia College of the Bible, with the Gulls and the cheerleaders, for their opening game of the 1959-60 season.

It was a new circumstance for the girls to have someone to cheer for them besides the cheerleaders and the members of their own team. Having the boys there to cheer them on seemed to give them added spirit and more drive.

STC lassies, trailing PCB until the second half, came to life in the last two quarters. The Philadelphia squad seemed incapable of slowing down the drive of Joyce Bennett as she went up for basket after basket. Excellent offensive plays and defensive zone play helped our girls to take this one from the PCB girls by a score of 35-29.



# STC Cagers Bow to Southeastern U

The Gulls from STC made its two losses in two games with a 69-60 loss to Southeastern University.

But considering the difference between this game and the slaughter handed out by Towson, it was quite a moral victory for Coach Maggs' crew.

The Southeastern quintet owning a 4 won and 1 loss record had run up big scores in all but one of their previous contests. Just back from a 79-49 win over Wesley Junior College in Dover, the five from Washington, D. C., were ready to hand out the same medicine to the Gulls.

Except for the early moments, STC trailed all the way through the contest. Maggs' men did manage to keep within reasonable striking distance. At intermission Southeastern led by a 34-27 score. Murray Smith and Lou Gautier each contributed wasted 15 point efforts for Salisbury.

Although there was a marked improvement, the STC crew are in for a long session without much hope of playing .500 ball. Too many mistakes are being made to win any ball game. The ball is being thrown away to their opponents and the majority of the rebounds are being grabbed off by the opposition. In the Southeastern game STC was slow getting back on defense and in turn was being gilled with well-executed fast breaks.

As it looks now STC needs a really good playmaker; someone who can put some spark into the Salisbury five and at the same time get them to work as an unit. In other words, someone who can jell this team, which some times shows the ingredients for a winning seasonal.

This writer believes that this very person sits on the STC bench—none other than freshman Tommy Reese. In what little time he has played, he has exhibited this talent for making a team go. As it now stands, their first victory may be a long time in coming.

## LINE UPS

Southeastern	G	F	T
Comacho	3	5	11
Bomeron	7	1	15
Samay	2	1	5
Sheffield	3	0	6
Brown	1	0	2
King	3	0	6
Copeland	8	1	17
Ensminger	0	1	1

TOTAL 29 11 69

STC	G	F	T
Smith	4	7	15
Davis	2	3	7
Reese	1	0	21
Gautier	6	3	15
Parks	2	0	4
LeCompte	3	1	7
Cotton	2	3	7
Denney	1	1	3

TOTAL 21 18 60

# Towson Spills Salisbury Five 68-47

Towson pulled away in the second half to thump Salisbury 68-47 and thus preserved Salisbury's record this year of not winning a game.

S.T.C. tumbled to their 4th straight loss, without much hope of breaking into the winning column in the current basketball season.

Towson enjoyed a 32 to 25 lead at half time. But the visitors made up for lost time in the second half and out-shot the S.T.C. crew by fourteen points. Towson thus coasted to its third win in seven games—two at the expense of the Gulls. The Towson five didn't enjoy a manslaughter this time like the one so easily applied in this first encounter. (Please excuse this writer for bringing it up!)

Our own Martin Davis led all the scores with twenty points on ten field goals. This was almost Salisbury's entire offensive output. On the other hand, Towson displayed a well balanced attack with four players hitting in the double figures.

As the previous games have indicated Coach Maggs' crew have come up against something that they are unable to compete with and thus go down to defeat. In the Southeastern game it was the fast-break and in the last contest it was a full court press put on by Towson, which spelled defeat.

In the last game as in all other games, the Gulls showed little pep and most of the time were lifeless. All the faithful followers of S.T.C. can do now is wait for the next game and count the days till the baseball season starts.

## LINE UP

Towson	G	F	T
Arnold	7	1	15
Sherman	1	0	2
Spack	6	2	14
Miller	4	3	11
Greenwell	7	4	18
Smith	2	2	6
Feldman	0	2	2
TOTALS	27	14	68

Salisbury	G	F	T
Smith	2	1	5
Davis	10	0	20
Reese	1	0	2
Gautier	3	3	9
Cotton	1	0	2
LeCompte	0	1	1
Parks	1	0	2
Denney	2	2	6
TOTALS	20	7	47

On a recent Caribbean voyage the Grace Line's "Santa Paula," Dr. Thomas W. McKnew, executive vice president and secretary of the National Geographic Society, noticed that one of the ship's senior stewardesses was making friends in each port of call. She had persuaded the ship's butcher and chef to save bones and meat scraps and, shopping bag in hand, she enjoyed the tropical sunshine while feeding the port's hungry dogs.

## TOWSON'S REPLY

(Continued from Page Three)  
son. In all probability, an evening meal was given the team. What did "you-all" want, a red carpet and bells?

To Salisbury, we say this: Get your facts straight before you attack. And by the way, how come the great Gull team had to play the school Alumni for Homecoming?

Lowell E. Sunderland  
Co-Editor, Sports Desk  
Towson State Tower Light

To add to the atmosphere, "101-41" was scrawled across the sports page containing this article. This was a reminder of our first defeat to Towson during this year's basketball season.

—Noel Farmer

## QUARTETS

(Continued from Page One)  
ing, Pennsylvania, though more sophisticated in their demeanor, had neither the fine blend of voices nor the spontaneity of the Gay Blades. The best of their efforts was a George Cohan medley containing such old favorites as "It's a Grand Old Flag" and "Yankee Doodle."

The Del-Cords Quartet, from Lansdown, Pennsylvania, was a comedy foursome specializing in novelty numbers and performances. What they lacked in vocal quality, especially due to a scratchy bass, they made up for in between numbers acting that tinged of the old vaudeville days.

The entire performance, which was well-received by the Salisbury audience, was one of quality and wholesome entertainment. (J.H.)

## STUDENT TEACHING

(Continued from Page One)  
school records, and the advisability of participating in all phases of the school program.

Mr. Focht also stressed enthusiasm, and added a word on assurance. The faculty has judged the beginning teacher prepared; he should feel competent. Agreeing with Miss Stewart on most points, he supplemented her advice by emphasizing the need for motivating the children. The teacher wants to change the behavior of children, to advance them in self control and in the learning skills, but he cannot make them want to do anything, he must seek to make them want to learn.

Mr. Focht added the necessity of some graphic skills—good handwriting and simple sketching—to the list of details that are helpful.

## RARE BOOKS

(Continued from Page One)  
P. Adkins and the late Mrs. Adkins, has been a teacher and twice a dean of women at Western Maryland College and at Radford Junior College. She is Undersecretary in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and a member of the Lincoln Lesquien-tennial Commission by appointment from President Eisenhower.

# Gile, Archer Interpret Folk Music "Pleasantly"

On January 8th the Community Concert Association presented the Misses Beverly Gile and Frances Archer in a most charming presentation of international songs and ballads.

It cannot be said that one group was more outstandingly done than another. Although some were sung in dialect they were easily understood because of the descriptive and vocal interpretations. Michael Arne's "The Lass with the Delicate Air" emphasized the artists' distinctive vocal control while the Irish song, "The Humour is on Me Now," was delightfully interpreted.

Adding to the performance was the excellent dynamics and accompaniments. In "Mussidenn," a German marching song, the dynamics were particularly impressive. The ladies began singing in extreme softness, built to a lovely crescendo and returned gracefully to a minimum of sound. Throughout the program Miss Archer's technique with the guitar added an unique spark to each selection. The American Railroad song "Nine Hundred Miles" was exemplary of her authentic technique.

Both Miss Gile and Miss Archer were fine exponents of the Folk Song. Their versatility, sincerity, interpretation, and broad repertoire gave the audience a pleasant and relaxing evening of music.

—Joanne Little

# Sophanes' 'Scrooge' Not Up to Standard

Sophanes Players' contributed to the Christmas scene at State Teachers College with their reading of Dickens' Christmas Carol on December 6. With few exceptions, however, the reading could hardly be called creditable.

It must be said that John Payne, as Scrooge, carried the production over the chasm of total fiasco. Mr. Payne's sense of detail is estimable; his stooped posture, gnarled hands, slouchy dressing gown, and gruff, rasping voice loaned a highly-finished sympathy to the role.

Jay McCrea, as collector, and The Reader, showed a great deal of potential in the smooth tone of his voice. His natural quality of his voice, his grace and ease carried him well—even through the disquieting effects of the poor timing from the lighting technicians backstage.

Nancy Sutton Miller, as the Young Girl, made a pleasing youthful appearance on the stage, although her reading was merely inoffensive. Gerald Pine, Marley's ghost, gave a good delivery of his speech, but like most of the cast members, he was shaky in his lines.

The reading was on the whole a wooden performance that appeared to be far from final stages of practice.

—Gloria Miller



# STC Literary Publication

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HOLLY LEAF SUPPLEMENT

PAGE ONE

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Mrs. Gerald Joy, a member of the Sophomore Class, has been writing short stories in her spare time since her Freshman year. The *Justice Tree* is an example of the earthy type of dialogue in which she achieves realism and authenticity.

Mrs. Joy, who is enrolled in the Education Curriculum, is the wife of Mr. Gerald Joy, a Salisbury salesman.

## The Justice Tree

BY HAZEL JOY

The falling snow covered the city like a soft linen shroud, and the glittering, swirling crystals, shimmering in the bright holiday lights of the court-house square, seemed to be heralding the holy season.

An old woman, ragged and bent, stumbled along the avenue, silently cursing the wind and the deep white carpet of snow. Her body ached from the biting cold, and she angrily hunched her shoulders against the stinging blasts of snow-flakes. The crisp, powdery stuff became glass-slick under her clumsy booted feet, and as she approached the incline of the square she felt herself slipping. Her shrill cackled curse of "Damn you!" was directed at no one in particular; but the cold whipping wind, as if delighting in tormenting her, snatched the tag-ends of her ragged purple coat with icy fingers, and ripped the cheap pearl buttons from their frayed fastenings, revealing the dirty scarlet dress which housed her shapeless bulk beneath it. Surrounding her flabby neck, were several ropes of gaudy beads, which flopped obscenely against her nondescript bosom as she tried to catch her flaring mantle; and it seemed as if the wind howled about her in fiendish gales of laughter.

When she had finally secured her garments, she shuffled over to the bench near the big gaily decorated oak tree; gingerly she eased herself down. Her breath coming in great gurgling gulps, was like one who had labored long and painfully and was finally in their death throes. Little rivulets of sweat trickled down her forehead and every now and then she would lift a ring-bedecked claw and wipe her face until the rivulets became a single grimey smear. After she had rested a few minutes, her befuddled mind surveyed the scene around her.

Suddenly she noticed the tree with its brown naked arms wreathed in shining Christmas lights, like an ill-concealed knave, doing homage to heaven. Beneath the tree in the shelter of its huge gnarled trunk was the Creche, with the Mother Mary smiling serenely down at her babe, and Joseph and the Magi standing watch near by.

She gave a snort of contempt, rubbed her frayed sleeve across her dripping nose, and squinted

back up at the tree. "Damn me, if you ain't a hypocrite like the rest of 'em! Thought I wouldn't know ya with all them fancy airs, didn't ya! Well . . . I know ya all-right . . . soul as black as the Prince a Darkness, hah! Oh, I could tell a tale'er two, . . . If I could only git ma brains together, hope-me-die, I'd tell a bushel!"

She twisted her crusty face into a vile, knowing grimace, and ruthlessly prodded her weak senile brain into the past. "When was it . . . when was it . . . I must'a been seventeen er eighteen—anyways I was new at the game.—Humph, I's past thirty 'fore Ole Joe caught up with me." She chuckled with smug satisfaction at her cleverness in avoiding that dreaded curse to her profession for such a long time. She was sure it was because she was more particular than most of her sisters in choosing her "friends", as she liked to call the men who solicited her favors.

"Le'see, it must'a happened the first year er two I started out, . . . I's a perty little thing then; Bright yellor hair, — good figger too! Too good fer them poll hall bums an' truckers that stopped at the diner on their way through town." She started to whine and feel sorry for herself. "Warn't a gent'lman among-um, 'cept maybe Jessy . . . shame he was a nigger!" With the mention of his name, a queer insane look flashed in her eyes, and her skin became the color of old parchment, yellowed and dead. "That's it, tree! That's what you done! You damn Judas!"

She was beside herself with rage, and she shook her fist up at the tree, and cursed it as if it were a real person. She ranted and raved like one possessed with devils, until finally she fell from the bench and lay there in the snow sobbing quietly. The bitter memories washed over her like a dreadful flood, and she ached to know once more the sweet black emptiness of forgetting; but she could not.

It was as if her mind was an evil waking monster seeking her destruction; and the veil of years passed away. She was once more a young girl waiting on tables in a dirty down-at-the-heels diner on the outskirts of shanty-town. She remembered Jessy; oh how well she remembered. She crooned the name over and over like a sad lament. "Jess-sy . . . Jes-sy, poor gentle little nigger boy. Firs' time I seen 'im . . . at the diner . . . remember it was in December . . . snowin' . . . so long ago — so long ago" As if in a dream she heard his voice.

"Ma'am, I'm new here in town, an' I was wonderin' if maybe you could give me some work to do, so's I could sleep there in that back room, and maybe git a bite to eat. I ain't asking fer no pay in money, Ma'am, just a bed an' a bite a food."

"That was Jessy, not pushin', nor shovin', . . . just talkin' in that quiet gentle voice a his. Oh Lord! I don't want t' remember! . . . He wasn't like any nigger I'd ever seen before . . . Clean? Yes, Lord, he was the cleanest man, black er white, that ever come near that part a town! . . . I guess now that I look back, that's one a the main reasons I took a fancy to 'im—that an' because he wasn't really black — he was high yellor, you know? — I didn't know it would all end the way it did, but Holy Mother, I had to look out fer my-own-self! Sp'osin' I'd a got pregnant? The whole town would a known. . . . No, no! . . . I did the only thing I coulda done; they'd a-rid me out'a town on a rail." She tried all of her old arguments, to justify what she had done; but her guilt was like a two edged sword flaying her conscience raw.

"Dear Jesus, make it stop . . . The look on his face when they come to git 'im. Wouldn't say nothin' — just looked at me with those soft, gentle eyes. They they knocked him down an' kicked him . . . the blood, running all over his clean white shirt . . . He still wouldn't deny nor agree. I almost had t' laugh, poor simple B . . . Those men aroun' 'im grin-nin' an' sweatin'. Somebody yelled, "String 'im up!" an' then they all joined in, "String 'im up, hang the black B . . . — gotta show 'em their place."

"Sam Davis stepped out from the crowd and raised his hand, like he was going to preach a sermon."

"Now Boys, we can't hang this here man without a fair trial, now can we?"

"The crowd stopped their yelling and they all looked at Sam to see what he was up to."

"Now, Friends," he said in his syrupy voice, "Tell me, who'll act as this Up-town nigger's defense?" She could see the crowd snicker and shake their heads. "You there, Pete Carns, — You got a good tongue in your head, you act for him!"

"Pete Carns was the town nit-wit, so they all got a good laugh out of Sam's joke."

"Now, you nigger, what's your name? — Speak up, man, — I ast you what was your name!"

"Somebody in the mob kicked Jessy, an' he went down on his knees. He shook his head to clear it, an' finally he said, 'Jessy Andrews'."

"Did you or did you not rape this here white woman? Here, shove Baby up here so's the prisoner can see her."

"They pushed me forward an' I began t' git scared, I thought maybe they would take his word . . . What you ast'en him that for? You gon'na take a nigger's word over a white woman's?"

"No . . . Baby, we ain't plannin' on takin' his word, but we gotta keep this legal, and besides, you got'a rep-u-to-tion round town fer

having' mighty lovin' ways."

"They all started hooting an' jeerin' at me, till I almost started screamin'."

"Well, nigger, you heard the question," Sam started talkin' again, "Speak up! — Hah, your silence proves you're guilty. Take him over to the Justice Tree outside the Court-house. Come on, boys, take him to the tree!"

"Somebody got a rope and slung it over his head, an' they dragged him through the streets like that . . . Kickin' and spittin' at him an' callin' him names. When they got to the tree they made him climb up on an ol' saw-horse, somebody had brought, then they threw the free end of the rope over a limb of the tree an' tied it round the trunk. Then Sam shushed the crowd."

"Nigger, you been awful quiet, ain't you got nothin' to say, afore justice is done?"

"Jessy stood there for a minute with a sad puzzled look on his face. He looked over the crowd of stupid slobberin' faces, an' in that gentle voice of his, he says, 'Why have you done this to me?' That's all — just — 'Why have you done this to me?'"

"Sam got a dirty sneer on his face, an' he steps right up to Jessy's face an' sjits."

"You sure ain't very smart, are you, nigger?"

"The crowd looked like they was gittin' uneasy, so Sam says real quick, 'Come on, boys, let's show this black B . . . what happens to a nigger that rapes a white woman.' . . . an' they kicked the saw-horse from under Jessy . . . Oh God! . . . God! . . . God!"

"He looked so strange hanging there . . . his feet dancin' in the air . . . his clean young body twitchin' . . . It began to snow — not slow and spitty like it usually does, but big half-dollar size flakes . . . an' the wind — howlin' and blowin' the snow flakes around him like it was tryin' to hide his shame from the stinkin', bloodshot-eyed mob lookin' up at him. Oh, God, why did I do it to him! But it wasn't me, it was you, tree! Judas! — Hypocrite!"

Her cries of contrition were torn from her lips by the driving wind, and she tore at her purple and scarlet garments and beat the frozen earth in complete agony.

The policeman returning from his midnight beat found her there, beneath the tree. "Good grief, it's Baby, the old scrub woman. Poor ol' hag — not a friend in the world . . . Hey, wonder what's happened to the tree lights? Guess they musta blown a fuse."

Ah, what wrath have we wrought in these suffering times? What injustices have we done to our minds and souls?

Evil lurks in sacred corners and Woe and doom is our reward.

—Janet Richardson



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Jerry Pine, a member of the Junior Class, is enrolled in the Junior High Curriculum. Prior to coming to STC Mr. Pine served in the United States Air Force and attended the University of Maryland for one year.

Hey George and the sonnets are exemplary of Mr. Pine's versatility and artistry in original composition.

## Poems

BY JERRY PINE

NO. 75

We sat in rows of one-armed wood,  
Our skulls uncapped, and felt the flow  
Into them of the things we could  
Not weigh, But then the vertigo  
Unspiralled into rings that spun  
Themselves into the spheres of womb  
That hold the foetal shapes begun  
In fears of hope and dreams of doom.  
Some prejudicial contraceptive  
Had precluded birth in all  
But those who were most receptive  
To an act of extra-sensual.  
The strogest men fear pangs of birth,  
And frailest mothers mock their worth.

NO. 76

Because I love, each single star  
Shines brighter than it should by far  
Against the blackness of the night,  
And all the world seems clothed in light.  
Because I love, no single scar  
Of life can put my heart to flight  
Or take away the smile you gave.  
Because I love, each washing wave,

And every ray of light reflected  
From its surface, is infected  
With the dream of you; and save  
I live that dream I be projected  
Onto fields of lonely strife:  
Because I love, you are my life.

NO. 89

I shall, if all my hopes should  
ever fade,  
Retreat within the fortress of the night,  
And there resist whatever loves  
invade  
That darkness which is deeper  
than the light.

My song shall be the hum of passing dreams,  
With falling empires to intone the bass;

And all of man's most sacred  
sordid themes  
Shall smother in that air of balsted grace,  
And from their forms shall rise  
the formless shape  
Of all the truths he twisted to  
portray.

And only love could help me to  
escape  
The light that shall be shown  
upon that day.

Yes, love alone could bear to see  
the sight

And help me flee the fortress of  
the night.

NO. 77

If from the other you come to the  
this  
and on your arrival you find me

not here,  
will you depart and not wonder  
why,  
or will you remain and perhaps  
shed a tear;  
but maybe there is no returning  
from there  
and maybe the other will always  
be now,  
and thus would the was be always  
a was,  
a dream of the then and an absence  
of how;  
I wait in the here and I breathe  
in the if,  
and all of my light is the glow of  
the fear  
that the then of my life has no  
basis in when,  
that you will not come and that  
mine is the tear.

NO. 36

Clouded crystal whiplashes of  
lightning  
Strike daylight into instants of  
being  
As the wind, rising from calm  
to storm,  
Breathes the essence of night  
into form,  
And mutes the thunder's dry,  
cackling tones  
(Mountains and boulders, blasting  
to stones),  
And twists trees from still to stir  
to rites  
Of painful passion of other, stormy  
and Druid, nights.

The calm. The breath of breath-  
lessness that swoops  
More suddenly inward than wind  
—that stills and droops  
The flailing leaves. Reverberations.  
The echo of silence.  
And then, without birth or begin-  
ning, the presence  
Of one . . . of two . . . of three, of  
four, five six drops  
And the storm has begun — do  
all storms stop?

NO. 72

The beauty of love  
Lies in the divinity of an  
inconsistency,  
And in the godhead of a lie  
Whose worth is more than that  
of truth.

The beauty of love  
Is that of a mist that softens  
The angles and glare, not of life,  
But of the lie that men call "life,"  
And by so doing  
Rests the eyes of the soul and  
insulates

The heart from every hurt  
But those it holds within itself.  
And the worth of love  
Is that of a variable counter-  
weight

That sways the scale of being  
directly  
And proportionately as the love  
itself is prized.

NO. 86

The if floated high and transcend-  
ed the why  
As it entered the clouds of the  
never;

The not-to-be grew as the never-  
was flew,  
And the sunrise and you were not  
ever.

Then the stars in a voice that  
negated all choice  
Told me tales of the but and the  
not,

And the sound of the doom left  
my soul with no room,  
And my heart and its echo forgot.

But the shadowy mark is more  
deep and more dark  
Than forgetting could ever erase:  
In transcending all time it swoops  
and it climbs,  
And my life is the thread of its  
trace.

And the you in me stays through  
the nights and the days,  
And the past is a breath of to be;  
And I'll hold you somehow when  
the never is now,  
When the lock of our years is a  
key.

## Hey George!

BY JERRY PINE

"Hey, George?"

"Yeah?"

"George, if a tree falls in the  
woods and there's nobody there  
to hear it, does it make any  
sound?"

"I dunno — I wasn't ever in a  
woods when there wasn't anybody  
there."

"Aw, come on, George — would  
it make any sound or wouldn't  
it?"

George slammed his book on his  
finger and looked up. "I thought  
you had a history quiz tomorrow.  
And nine chapters to read tonight.  
What do you care whether the  
damned tree makes any sound  
when it falls? — you just said  
you weren't there."

"Noooo . . . this is for that Phil-  
osophy course — we've been ar-  
guing about it for three days now  
. . . whether it's make any sound  
or not — and today we went on  
to something else."

"Well if you're not talking about  
it now, what do you care about it  
for? Forget it. Read history. Go  
to bed."

"But George, suppose he asks it  
on the final? How'd that look?—  
'Fifty points: does a tree in the  
woods with nobody there make  
any sound when it falls?' I'd  
flunk!"

"Nuts! Who'd ask a question  
like that!"

"He would! He don't think a  
question's any good if it's got an  
answer to it . . . or unless all the  
answers to it are wrong!"

"Nuts! Tell him it's your re-  
ligious belief that trees are nat-  
urally noisy — or quiet. Church  
doctrine. Stuff like that. He  
doesn't know himself about the  
damned tree. Read your history."

"George, I gotta find out."

"Well, look it up in the diction-  
ary!"

"What?"

"Look up 'sound': if it's what  
people hear, then there wouldn't  
be any sound; if it's vibrations,  
then there would be sound. Just  
look it up."

"No good, George. Somebody  
said that in class right off. He got  
mad at 'im for it. Told 'im to  
prove it both ways. Guy couldn't  
do it. He'll probably flunk if he  
doesn't find out before the end of  
the semester. He asked the physics  
prof., and old Steinbecker told 'im  
that if he wanted answers to ques-  
tions to take physics, and if he  
just wanted the silly questions to  
take philosophy, and for him to  
see the Registrar when he made  
up his mind, and in the meanwhile

not to bother him."

"Well, I'm sorry I can't help  
you." He picked up his book.  
"Like I said, I wasn't ever in  
woods with nobody in it."

"Hey, George! George! I got it!"  
"What?"

"All you gotta do is to put a  
tape recorder in the woods! You  
could fix it so's a tree would fall  
over! . . . then you could play  
back! I'd have proof for the test."

"Are you out of your mind?"  
"You idiot!"

"But George, Smitty's got a tape  
recorder. We could do it next Sat-  
urday afternoon right after we  
get up!"

"Sam! Sam! I don't want to  
hear another word about your  
damned tree! Now shut up and  
read your history or so help me  
I'll throw this book at you!"

"A lot you care whether I flunk  
or . . ."

"SAM, SHUT UP!"

"Oh, awright! Goodnight,  
George." Sam crawled into bed.

"Yeah."

## Faddists or Philosophers?

By Gloria Miller

The crowded student lounge of  
the Activity Center on the night  
of November 17 indicated that  
Salisbury students are either avid  
followers of fads or alert followers  
of current trends. Dolores Miller,  
of the office staff, and Peggy  
Flannery, Class of 1960, lead the  
ninety minute discussion on "Beat-  
niks."

Television, movies, books, mag-  
azines, radio — all are full of the  
latest news from the mystical  
world of the beatnik. Even records  
indicate the impact; Miss Miller  
gave an example in quoting:  
"You're so weird in your beatnik  
beard, but I love you!" We may  
laugh at the jokes, cartoons, pop-  
ular recordings; but there must  
surely, be more to this group of  
young "intellectuals" than their  
completely off-beat manners,  
dress, hours, diet, and diversions.  
The conversation leaders proceed-  
ed to look more deeply into the  
subject.

The "real beatniks" are those  
who live in Venice West, the small  
community on the shore of Cali-  
fornia, once a booming resort  
town. The rent is practically nil —  
a necessity to the work-shirking  
beat who needs his leisure time to  
"make it." This mysterious "it"  
seems to be a type of freedom —  
from all responsibilities — so that  
the beat can look into himself to  
"know all and feel nothing."

After all, say the beats, why  
should we feel responsibility? The  
day we're born, we later learn, our  
responsibilities begin. First there  
is God, then Mother, then Father,  
and relatives. It doesn't even end  
there. Upon entering school — that  
soon learn — of all things — that  
we have a responsibility to history.

The call of rejection apparently  
appeals to many of this pathetic  
"lost" and "beat" generation,  
however, the beatnik population is  
growing.